The Liberalist

Volume XXVI JULY, 1959 Number 4

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THE AMERICAN WAY

To play my role with a heart that sings
To know the richness of simple things,
To feel I've paid for what I've won,
In the honest coinage of duty done,
To seek the weal of our brotherhood,
And share in the larger common good.

Joel D. Smith

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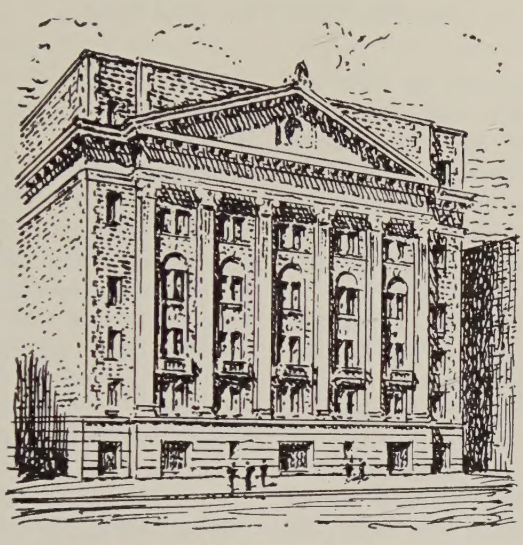
SALES - SERVICE - PARTS

Regular Sunday Morning
Church Services
Will Be Held During July
at 11:00 A.M.

with Rev. Virgil A. Kraft preaching

(The church will be closed during the month of August for needed repairs.)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

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Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I FULLY expected to make the July, August and September numbers of The Liberalist a record of my summer travels and engagements, but due to the time element it is necessary for me to begin telling of my summer activities in the September number. When you have to prepare the material from a month to six weeks ahead in order to be published in the current month, it necessarily lengthens the time between the happening of the experiences and the telling of them in the Liberalist.

I am writing these words to you on the 12th day of June, even before the service in which we are "burning the mortgage," and one week before I leave for Europe. I cannot tell you how deeply I regret this, but Miss Smalley will be in Mexico during the month of July, which means the material in the July and August issues must be done at once. I hope that this will not be too much of a disappointment to our readers, but you may rest assured that beginning in September, I shall cover the summer and its activities extensively and exhaustively.

I am sailing on the "Mauretania" on the 20th of June and will preach in the First Unitarian Church in Dublin twice on Sunday, June 28th. On Sunday, July 5th, I shall preach in the morning at the First Presbyterian Church in Belfast, Ireland, and in the evening in All Souls Church in Belfast. On the 12th of July I shall preach in Bath, England, in the morning and in Trowbridge, England, in the evening. The week preceding we visit Oxford and spend several days in London, where I have a speaking engagement. On July 19th I expect to be preaching in the American Church in Paris, France, and then will go to the ancient city of Rome for a week. There I am to have an opportunity of a private interview with Pope John XXIII. This interview was arranged by Bishop Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago. Needless to say I am looking forward to this experience of meeting with one of the most unusual and unpredictable Pontiffs who ever has been a Pope.

I regret to have to wait until the September number for you to hear about our 47th Anniversary service and the "burning of the mortgage" on the church. Please remember this condition arises at vacation time and there is nothing we can do about it. I shall try to make Along the Way as interesting, intimate and helpful as I can.

* * *

Sunday morning, June 7th, we set aside the entire service for a tribute to the 47 years history of The Peoples Church. We receive many letters asking "What is the Peoples Church?" and "What does the church stand for?" "Is it a new denomination — What is its creed?" and many similar questions. One would think that with such an old, established institution many of these questions would be unnecessary. The fact of the matter is that Chicago has a constant influx of new people and almost every Sunday we have people in church who have moved near the church but who know nothing about it whatever. So it is a constant challenge to inform people of our background and what the church actually is.

At this service we dedicated two bronze plaques: the first, to Mr. Thomas Andrew Harrison, who served the church for 37 years as Treasurer and

Trustee. Mr. Harrison was deeply loved by all who knew him. His gracious presence in the church foyer every Sunday greeting strangers and old friends was an experience which hundreds will remember with inspiration. The tremendous amount of work which he did as Treasurer could not have been done better by anyone. He was a business man with a keen sense of values and his advice all through our building fund campaign and the unusual amount of work necessary in the floating and handling of the bond issue made a contribution to the achievement of our church without which I question whether the church could have survived. We have an investment in the church of $800,000 and Mr. Harrison handled every penny of it. Our certified public accountants, who audit the books of the church every year, have said repeatedly that they have never seen a set of Treasurer's books kept more perfectly than the books for which Mr. Harrison was responsible.

I could occupy this entire issue of the Liberalist in stating experiences which I have had with him that verify this characterization of him. His passing has left a vacancy in our church which never will be filled. We frequently hear that no person is indispensable. When I think of Thomas Harrison I realize that he is the exception which proves the rule. As long as I live and our church exists we will all have an obligation to him that in spite of our best efforts can never be repaid. I am sure—and I write this two days before the event—that when we "burn the mortgage" on our church, with all the property indebtedness paid, the deep sorrow which I shall have because he is not here to participate will be the only note to mar what probably will be the greatest moment of my life.

I do not dare, as I anticipate what I shall say next Sunday, begin to mention all the people who have done so much to make all this possible. I shall mention only two more, because of their dearness to me and the preciousness of their memory. From the very beginning of the church, Mrs. Grace Thayer Bradley, who shared life with me for 35 years, was a constant inspiration. I could never have done what I did during those years without her loyalty and her love, her cooperation and her deep understanding. The other person is one whom we all knew from the time he was a youngster, as "Jimmy," and who for more than 30 years was to us both more than a son. "Mother" died in 1950, and Jimmy left in 1951; but I know on Sunday morning I shall feel their presence, for their help and contribution to my life is one beyond the expression of words. I am confining mention to only these three because I am sure you must realize how many others there are to whom I am everlastingly indebted and to whom I shall be grateful to the end of my life.

* * *

Some day I plan to write a definitive history of The Peoples Church of Chicago. I am usually introduced at my lectures and on many occasions where I speak, as the founder and pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago. I always feel that using the word "founder" in connection with me and the work of the church is only a half-truth. The Peoples Church of Chicago was founded more than 85 years ago by Dr. Hiram W. Thomas who, because of his liberal theological viewpoint, found himself out of sympathy with the theology of Methodism. He was the pastor of a Methodist church in Chicago. His liberal point of view put him constantly on the defensive within the pattern of his own denominational theology. He finally withdrew from the Methodist Church and founded The Peoples Church of Chicago. The first

meeting place was McVickers Theatre in the loop. There Dr. Thomas had a great congregation for many years. People visiting Chicago from all over the United States attended his Sunday morning services. At about the same time Professor David Swing, who was the minister of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, got into trouble with the Chicago Presbytery over his theology. Prof. David Swing was a great classical scholar, was the product of Miami University in Oxford, and a great and noble soul. He withdrew from the Presbyterian Church and founded the Central Church of Chicago, whose distingished and fine minister is Dr. Kenneth Hildebrand. The church now meets in the Tower of the Hilton Hotel in Chicago, and is meeting a great need with the visitors who are in the loop on Sundays and who worship at Central Church. It is interesting to know years afterward, that when these two churches — Central Church and The Peoples Church — were founded, the men who founded them were close and intimate and beloved friends. They occupied almost an identical approach to the questions of religion. Dr. Swing was much more of a scholar than Dr. Thomas, but they both were powerful influences in the life of the city.

The most distinguished minister Central Church ever had was the great Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, whom I knew and loved dearly. I was with him the week in which he died. And now, with the change in emphasis in many theological problems, the present minister of Central Church, who holds his ministerial standing in the Presbyterian Church, and myself, are warm and close friends.

The Peoples Church of Chicago flourished under Dr. Thomas. He was succeeded by Dr. John M. Driver. When I was a freshman in Alma College I met Dr. Driver and heard him lecture. He had a fine appreciation of good literature and was himself a writer of considerable merit and distinction. Like Dr. Gunsaulus he was also a novelist. Dr. Driver wrote a novel called "Purple Peaks Remote." Dr. Gunsaulus' well known novel was entitled "Monk and Saint."

The years went by and after the death of Dr. Driver the church had one or two interim ministers, neither of whom seemed able to capture the attention of the city and the attendance declined. They finally called Dr. Frank Crane, a distinguished editorial writer, whose son was a distinguished actor. Dr. Frank Crane was not an effective pulpiteer, and appealed less and less to the general public. The church finally moved from McVicker's Theatre and met in the Woodlawn Masonic Temple on the South Side. But conditions did not improve and Dr. Crane finally accepted a call to Worcester, Mass. This left the church without a pastor and it looked as though The Peoples Church of Chicago would pass out of existence.

It was then in 1912, and I was a student pastor of a little Presbyterian Church, the Church of Providence, on the North Side, in Chicago. I preached a series of sermons, in the little church on Life's Values. The subject of one of the sermons was "The Value of a Savior," and in that sermon I made reference to my displeasure and dislike of the theology of the "Westminster Confession of Faith." This perhaps was an audacious thing for a young minister to say, but it resulted in the Presbytery of Chicago taking cognizance and requesting that I rethink my Presbytery theological position or cease considering the Presbyterian ministry. I announced this to the congregation and contemplated making some other religious affiliation,

which I did later in becoming a Unitarian minister and a member of the American Unitarian Association. Years later my own theological position had developed to the extent that I united with the Congregational Association and became a Congregational minister as well, maintaining my status as a Unitarian and a Congregationalist.

Dr. John Timothy Stone, who many of my readers will remember as the distinguished pastor and builder of the great Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, said to me one time many years later: "Your position taken in the early years of your ministry would today cause you no embarrassment whatever in most of the yonder-minded churches in this country." It was a departure at the time in which I took the position, but among the ministers in all denominations of my large acquaintance most of them today entertain the same theological emphasis which I have found so satisfactory to my own intellectual curiosity.

The people of the Little Church of Providence that week came to me and said, "We don't want you to leave. We want you to continue as our minister. We are ready, anxious and willing to organize an independent church and continue your work in Chicago." My first reaction was most negative, and I said, "I do not propose to start a church controversy. I have no desire to break up a church; I do not believe in that kind of operation. I do not want any part of it." But the leaders of the Providence Church said: "You are not breaking up the church; you are taking a church with you." And the very next Sunday they had engaged a hall in Viking Temple on North Clark Street in Chicago and we held our first Sunday service. There were 62 people in the congregation. We met for several Sundays with a steady increase of interest and one day there visited the congregation a small group of people who were strangers to me. I had never seen them. After the service they introduced themselves. Among them was Mrs. Philip E. Gould, who was the President of the Women's organization in The Peoples Church of Chicago; and Mr. William Hickock, who was Treasurer of the old Peoples Church. They said to me, "We have heard about you and your work. We have no minister. Could not these two congregations get together and you continue as the pastor?"

There was a meeting held. The group which came from the old Peoples Church was very small, but very effective—a fine group of people. The organization took over the charter of the old Peoples Church of Chicago, and The Peoples Church of Chicago as we know it today, with myself as its pastor, was born. That was 47 years ago.

Mrs. Gould became the Secretary. Mr. Hickock became a member of the Board of Trustees. After meeting in Viking Temple and growing, the church rented Arcola Hall on North Clark Street, located directly opposite the present Wrigley Baseball Field. There we stayed for a year until we outgrew the capacity of the hall and, while I was away in the summer, the Board of Trustees rented the Wilson Avenue Theatre, on Wilson Avenue, which seated 1,000 people and we opened our Fall services in that well-known theatre on the North Side. It is now the home of the Chicago Bank. I never pass the building but what I think of the many, many Sundays I preached within its walls.

I thought you might be interested in some of this early history, and I shall continue telling you the history and bring it up to the present day in next month's Liberalist.

* * *

I have just finished my commencement season for 1959. I have had commencements from colleges and high schools, but the last one was the graduating address for the Harding Public School in Hammond, Indiana. This last commencement in many ways was the most inspiring of them all. It was held in the beautiful air-conditioned auditorium on the morning of June 11th, during the heat wave we have been having in early June. The principal of the school, Miss Dorothy McLaughlin, has one of the finest personalities for the classroom I have ever met. The decorum of the class, the excellency of the student band—the whole affair had all the dignity and impressiveness of a college commencement. I was inspired as I have seldom been inspired speaking to students. Presiding over the program was Lanny Barnett, a youngster who announced the program like a man of considerable experience in public speaking. I predict for him a great future. The invocation was written and given by Mary Frink, a member of the class, who did it with distinction and deep spiritual projection.

Miss McLaughlin, the principal, paid a beautiful tribute to my friend, Superintendent Caldwell, who served so long as Superintendent of the Hammond Schools and who recently passed on.

An experience like that increases my confidence that the future is in good hands, if madmen do not get loose in the world.

Well, my time is gone.

Keep looking up.

"WHAT IS THE PEOPLES CHURCH?"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

JUNE 7, 1959

"THE church that is to lead this century will not be a church creeping on all fours, mewling and whining, its face turned down, its eyes turned back. It must be full of the brave, manly spirit of the day; keeping also the good of times past. There is a terrific energy in this age, for man was never so much developed; so much the master of himself before. Great truths—moral and political—have come to light, they fly quickly. The iron prophet of types publishes his visions of weal, or woe to the near and far. The marvelous age has invented steam, the magnetic telegraph—apt symbols of itself, before which the miracles of fable are an idle tale. It demands as never before freedom for itself, usefulness in its institutions, truth in its teachings, and beauty in its deeds. Let a church have that freedom, that usefulness, truth and beauty, and the energy of this age will be on its side. But the church that did for the Fifth Century or the Fifteenth will not do for this! It must have our ideas, the smell of our ground, and have grown out of the religion in our soul. The freedom of America must be there before this energy will come; the wisdom of the Nineteenth Century, before its science will be on the church's side. A church that believes only in past inspiration and appeals to old books as the standard of truth and source of light will be antiquarian in its habits; will call its children by the old names, and war on the new age; not understanding the Man-Child born

to rule the world. The church that believes in inspiration now will appeal to God; try things by reason and conscience; aim to surpass the old heroes; baptize its children with a new spirit, and using the present age will lead public opinion, not follow it. Let us have a church that dares imitate the heroism of Jesus; seek inspiration as He sought it, judge the past as He, act on the present like Him, pray as He prayed, work as He worked, live as He lived. Let our doctrines and our forms fit the soul as the limbs fit the body, growing out of it, growing with it. Let us have a church for the whole man—truth for the mind, good works for the hands, love for the heart; and for the soul, that aspiring after perfection, that unfaltering faith in God which like lightning in the clouds shines brightest where it elsewhere is most dark." Those words were spoken by the great Theodore Parker in his great experiment in the City of Boston in a great Free Church, just like this. It is this spirit which has motivated me and this Church all of these years.

I can see now across those years a young man—very young—but he had a summer pastorate in a little white church out here in Custer Park where people are listening today to these words of mine. He was very young. And he rode out that Friday afternoon from school here in Chicago to spend the weekend preaching at that little church. Purely accidentally, and yet I wonder, a fine gentleman sat down beside him, and in conversation discovered that he was a young preacher. And he said, "We have a church up here in Chicago—it's not a very large church, it's a little church—but we're without a preacher. Wouldn't you like to come and preach a sermon for us, and let us hear you and look you over?" That young man was grateful and glad. And in a few Sundays he stood in that church. I will tell you where it was and what it was next Sunday when I'm speaking the anniversary sermon. But he stood in that pulpit, and he started his ministry in this city, so many, many years ago. He stands in this pulpit today. And the Church which has lived in the life of this City all of these years as The Peoples Church of Chicago—this assimilation of dreams and hopes and ideas and plans—germinated in the heart and soul of that young preacher.

This is a church just like the one about which I have just read. A church without a creed, a church without a dogma, a church that doesn't compel anyone to think the way the minister thinks, or the way the church thinks, but which respects the dignity and greatness of individual thinking. A church that respects the integrity of the individual mind. A church that is undergirded with only one desire —to point men and women toward the stars, and men and women of every creed, color and race, every condition in society, the rich and the poor; the wicked and the good. The church of no distinctions, the church of the forgiving heart, the church which understands. That is The Peoples Church of Chicago. Here we have no controversies of creeds and isms. Here we have no arguments of a theological character. Here we are only trying to have the kind of a church and the kind of a service, that when you come in out of this brusque, rowdy world that you and I live in all the week, in the quiet and the stillness of communal worship together, we can build strength and sustenance for the tasks which are before us. I think it is just such a church that the Master Teacher of Galilee had in mind. I think it's the kind of a church that He could walk down the aisle and sit in the seat and

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

OUR blessings here in America are so great that unless those who are the recipients of them are willing to assume a self-imposed disciplining, we are apt to grow calloused, and then the first thing we know, our rights are imperilled and an effort is made to destroy them. I think it is this thought which motivated the classic utterance, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The enjoyment of the benefits of democracy is so great that the tendency often is to think only of our rights. We sometimes become demanding and assertive about them. That we have certain rights is a well-established fact, but it isn't enough to enjoy them complacently. We have also a sense of obligation to the community and to the nation—an obligation that requires us sometimes at our inconvenience and discomfort to espouse causes and to raise our voices in behalf of some efforts and against others which if they prevailed would destroy the very rights which we enjoy. This has even been the difficulty in a democratic society. If we are not continuously on the alert against those influences and activities which have as their ambition the destruction of freedom and liberty for people, we will find soon our liberty gone.

Democracy does not fail. In fact, there has never been a failure of democracy yet, any more than there has of religion. These great fundamental truths never fail. It is *we* who fail them. We fail democracy and we fail religion. This means that each of us, of whatever creed or faith or race, must be constantly on guard lest special interests and particular groups attempt to create hatred and discord, and undermine the very freedom which we all enjoy.

Democracy implies sacrifice as well as enjoyment. Ever since the wise and good men scattered along our eastern seaboard felt the necessity of incorporating a statement of rights into the Constitution itself, they have stood as the fundamental law of our land, the hope of all mankind. They were never more significant than in this hour. It is to be regretted that these fundamental rights, which have always been a part of our government, should be taken for granted until some great emergency arises.

It is little more than a century and a half ago when these amendments to our Constitution were finally adopted,

and the action of the State of Virginia made these first ten amendments a part of the fundamental law of our nation. Every school child knows the contribution of Washington, and they also know that Robert Morris is largely responsible for financing the American Revolution. Public recognition should be given to the men of our country who in emergencies knew exactly what to do, and had the courage and patriotism to do it. They stand out with increasing lustre as examples for us today. They staked their all upon the altar of their nation. Washington had very little to gain, and everything to lose; had the colonists been defeated he probably would have died a prisoner in the Tower of London; but lands and wealth and money they knew had only meaning when with them existed side by side freedom and liberty. Wealth and position have no meaning for us unless we remain free people. It is precisely this attitude that makes it possible for all Americans to rally to the principle of the rights of man in every hour in which liberty is assaulted and freedom assailed.

There are no rights without a corresponding duty and responsibility. The Bill of Rights does not imply, and I believe it was never meant to imply, that we are to enjoy them, demand them, possess them, without our doing something and being something to entitle us to their benefits. There have always been those who want freedom and independence and yet who never assume any obligation. We can have no liberty until we are ready to assume the responsibility of liberty. In a very true sense, there isn't any such thing as "personal independence." You may be prosperous, you may be successful, but if you are, it is only in proportion as others have helped to create your position. There is no such thing as living life victoriously alone; there is no such thing as failing alone. No one institution can fail without in turn influencing every other institution of similar character. No one can succeed in any of the professions or activities of life without directly, or indirectly, influencing every other person of similar activity. There are many people in this world who want to be free but who refuse to pay the price of freedom.

Freedom was never more costly than it is today, and it was never worth more. When you analyze the real problem of democracy down to its finality, it can be stated simply, concisely and in terms which a child can understand, for the one problem of free government is to maintain economic and industrial opportunity for all, while freedom and liberty are preserved at the same time. That is what the Bill of Rights has been doing, and that is what it will do. No man can do what he likes. Doing what we like to do is not freedom; the free man is the man who obeys the law and conforms to the principles of liberty; and in 1941 the Supreme Court of this land acted upon two different occasions in upholding the Bill of Rights, when they declared the "Okie" laws of California and 27 other states, as being wholly out of step with the Bill of Rights.

These laws sought to prevent from entering the various states nonresidents who were poor and penniless, and the Supreme Court of this nation held that the poorest citizens of this nation had a right to go where they pleased as long as there was no violation of society's laws. And as late as the very moment when the international gangsters of Japan, acting under the command of the super-bandit of human history, were attacking our nation, the Supreme Court held under the Bill or Rights for the freedom of the press, and of speech, and that the Los

Angeles Times had a right to make critical remarks on Court decisions. Where, in all the annals of dictator-controlled nations would you find the highest tribunal, in the face of an outraged public opinion, holding definitely and decisively a Bill of Rights? Nowhere, except in those nations and among those people who are grounded in the spirit of freedom. That is America's answer and that is America's hope, and that is America's way, and it is for this very thing that Americans have given their lives.

What Is The Peoples Church

(*Continued from page* 9)

be inspired. I think this is the kind of a church that may be finally, when all the quarreling and the fighting over religion, over dogmas, over creeds, over isms, with a constant drainage on the vitality of truths—when the anemic character of that has gone full sway—the church that will live and stand will be the church of the open mind and the open heart, the church of love and brotherhood. That will be the church that will survive. Our church is trying to be just that kind of a church. We have no other purpose, no other objective, none but to help people. I hope my dear friends and people that you will let nothing prevent you from attending this service next Sunday at 11:00.

Dr. McCracken told us this morning a very interesting episode that happened down in Kentucky when a young preacher stood up in his pulpit one Sunday and preached, then made the announcements. Tom Smith of that congregation had died, and this is what the preacher said in announcing the funeral (maybe that's the reason he didn't stay long in that church—he got another one shortly afterwards). But he got up and he said, "The funeral service for Tom Smith will take place tomorrow afternoon at 3:00—Mr. Smith will be here in person. This is the first time he has been in the church in the past three years!" Now I hope that will not apply to anybody in this congregation this morning.

The greatest hour in human history is the hour in which we live; and history was never more pregnant with potentiality and opportunity than in the hour in which you and I live. So in this moment may you do as I am going to do—rededicate, reconsecrate my life to the church I love. I have no way of knowing how much time there is left for me to meet these dreams and hopes. But I, in this moment, dedicate, reconsecrate my life to the church I have loved and served, and in which I have worked and worried all these years; that when the last sermon is preached and I lie here in this house which we love it can be said the work was well done.

Wood Carving Exhibit at Library

From July 2 to 29, in the Art Department of the Chicago Public Library, wood carvings by Sister Mary Richard, C.S.J., a teacher in the Eighth Grade at Our Lady of Bethlehem Convent, LaGrange Park, may be seen; 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., weekdays; Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Sister Mary Richard does wood carving after school hours and on

week-ends. She has had many exhibits of her carvings and when she talks about her philosophy of art, she says:

"The urge to make, to create, is one of the spiritual powers within each of us. This urge results from the fact that God has made us all in His image and likeness. He is Master Designer and Creator of all things. Hence the spirit within us strives to participate in God's creativeness. In this we find deep joy, because by using all our powers of soul and body, we are living a fully human life.

"We must let the spirit fill our hearts and force the matter. When this happens, even the simplest of materials—an apple log or a piece of walnut—receives the impression of the spirit and becomes an outward expression of an idea. Few of us become great in the things we make, but all of us become richer and happier in the making of them."

Take Time

Take time to live; it is one secret of success.
Take time to think; it is the source of power.
Take time to play; it is the secret of youth.
Take time to read; it is the foundation of knowledge.
Take time for friendship; it is a source of happiness.
Take time to laugh; it helps lift life's load.
Take time to dream; it hitches the soul to the stars.
Take time to worship; it is the highway to reverence.
Take time to pray; it helps bring Christ near and washes the dust of earth from our eyes.

—Author Unknown

BOOK CHATS

COWARD-McCann has just published *"The Little World of Stanton Delaplane."*

This is decidedly the lighter side of life from one end of the world to the other. And Stan Delaplane is a most irreverent globe-trotter. His book is dedicated to Kristin—who always wondered what her father did for a living. He goes to the old world, the new world, and out beyond the west. Stan Delaplane has a Postcards column emanating from San Francisco and appearing regularly in dozens of newspapers throughout the country. He won the Pulitzer Prize for reporting in 1941 and a National Headline Award for his story—famous to Golden Gaters—on the first fourteen wives of the streetcar conductor he labeled "The Ding Dong Daddy of the D Car Line." He spends eight months of the year away from San Francisco and knows more cabdrivers in Tokyo than in his own hometown. He has a whimsical eye for the strange and the madcap wherever he goes.

In writing on Arizona, under the caption "Water Over the Dam," he writes:

"I don't hear so much about water these days in Arizona. A few years ago you could get a terrible argument about water. And if you were arguing

from the California viewpoint, you were lucky not to get hanged.

"The reason for this was pretty simple. The Colorado River runs mostly through Arizona. Until it gets toward the end where it becomes the border between California and Arizona.

At this point, it gets dammed up by Boulder Dam. Los Angeles then puts a tube in it and runs the water over to Los Angeles, where they put it on orange groves and lawns in the San Fernando Valley.

You would be surprised how mad this made the people of Arizona.

"Hey!" they said. "Where you going with all our water?"

"Why," said the people of Los Angeles, "that is our water. For, as you can plainly see, it is running out the tube over this way. As to what we are going to do with it, we are going to drink it . . . Or make it into lemonade with our incomparable California lemons.

"We shall also take baths with it and put it in flower pots and whatever else is good to do with water."

"But that water runs through our state," said the people of Arizona.

"Not at our end," said the people of Los Angeles. "At our end it is running right out of our faucets. So kindly be careful how you handle it in your state and don't wade in it or anything. We like our water clean and fresh."

So that Arizona would not do anything rash about this water with Congress, they set up a lobby in Washington. To show Congress the true state of affairs and how this water belonged to Los Angeles.

"The man they put in charge was Mr. John U. Terrell. Mr Terrell having been a colleague of mine in the newsboy business, I know a lot about the situation.

"He explained it all to me at the Washington Press Club one day.

"There would be no point in Arizona getting all that water," said Mr. Terrell. "Because it is all desert."

The Arizona people used to fuss a lot about this in Washington. They said by the great horned toad, Los Angeles was all desert, too. Except they had all the water.

"Recently, I have not heard too much about water. The orange groves where Arizonans used to put the water have all been cut up into building lots. You know who builds on them? Californians who can't stand the watery California winter weather.

It takes a certain amount of rain to make any state go. And Arizona looks forward to its rain.

"The rain comes in the winter season. Just like California. As a matter of fact, Arizona rain is the rain left over from what comes down on California. This also makes the Arizona people hopping mad, but there is not much they can do about it.

"When the rainy season comes around the Hopi Indians up north get a mouthful of rattlesnakes and go dancing around for rain. They usually get it, too.

"They dance for rain so successfully that over in New Mexico the other Indians had to change the date of some of their dances. The Hopis danced a week before and flooded out the opposition.

"The California tourists go up and watch the Indians dance for rain. They take their photographic equipment and shoot color pictures and say, 'Boy, they'll never believe this back home.'

Then the Hopis turn the rattlesnakes loose and the rattlesnakes go down in their holes and tell the rain gods: "Some of those Californians around again. Wet 'em down."

"And the rain comes down. And the California tourists say, 'Heavenly

days, what weather. I came here for the sun.' And they go back home and drink the Arizona water. And this makes Arizona madder than ever. It gets very complicated and not even Congress has been able to straighten it out."

I have quoted this one section on Arizona just to give the reader an idea of what to expect about the rest of the world from Stanton Delaplane, who wrote "Postcards from Delaplane" as well as "The Little World of Stanton Delaplane." One can enjoy the lighter touch when the hot weather comes, rain or shine.

WE APOLOGIZE

(This apology should have been in the June Liberalist, but we did not receive Mrs. Nedeau's letter in time for the deadline. In listing the exhibitors in our First Annual Art Exhibit, held in Anderson Hall recently, we mistakenly listed Alverna Nedeau as an amateur. Her letter below explains why we humbly apologize:)

Dear Miss Smalley:

Thank you for sending The Liberalist.

In regard to the Art Exhibit list of Artists, I was greatly surprised to be listed under amateurs.

I have three diplomas in Art, have sold my pictures, also exhibited in Chicago. My pictures toured the Universities in Indiana, and I have pictures in six states and Canada.

Sincerely yours,
Alverna Nedeau,
4645 Kenmore Avenue

I am truly sorry for the error in the listing, and hope very much that it will not deter Mrs. Nedeau from exhibiting next year, when we shall try doubly hard to make no mistakes.

Ethel Wells Smalley

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

NEVER was there a more important year in our church, unless perhaps the year of its beginning. A person or a church has to have a beginning to become important at all. And each step of the way is important, with its struggles, its problems, its victories and triumphs, and even the periods when we just seem to wait for growth and progress. But surely there never was a more triumphant moment than the moment on Sunday, June 14th, when the lighted match, in the hand of Dr. Bradley, set fire to the mortgage. That was the visible evidence that the heavy load of indebtedness carried for all these thirty-four years since the new building was undertaken was wiped out. That was the sign that we had reached

the top of one of the highest peaks we had to climb.

Have we finished the journey? Oh, my, no! Now we can do things with the building. Now all those upstairs rooms can be made beautiful and useful. That, too, will be a long and big undertaking, but we have waited long to do it, and now with vigor we can attack the new mountain to climb.

But I hadn't finished with this present 47th year. Not only has the mortgage "been finished off." A mural is under way for the space above the choir loft. The organ is going to be repaired. By the end of this year we should have the mural completed. What a Christmas to contemplate in this summer month of July!

As though to complement this joyful year in the life of our church, we have just celebrated an event never before celebrated by us in the church: a 50th Wedding Anniversary! And it is rumored there will be another like event celebrated in August! How can one church stand so much jubilation!

On June 7th at the morning service two beautiful bronze plaques were dedicated: one to dear Mr. Harrison, beloved by the entire membership, who passed on in 1957, and who had been Treasurer of the church through all the struggling years, and who would have so gloried in the "burning of the mortgage" on June 14th. The other plaque to Sir Peter Reisenhus who did so many fine thing for our church, and to his wife, Tillie Reisenhus who, after his death, gave to the church their beautiful home on Castlewood Terrace, the sale of which helped so greatly in finally clearing the church of debt.

A 50th Anniversary

In the afternoon of this very important Sunday, at 4:00 o'clock, was celebrated the 50th Wedding Anniversary of Lou and Mimi Hangel. Lou and Mimi have been "pillars" of the church ever since I can remember, and I have belonged as a member for at least 21 years. Their influence has been felt in the Men's Club, in the Woman's Club, in the Business Woman's Club, in the young people's groups and in the Sunday School. They have rallied to the support of every group in the church when it needed help most. Two loyal, great hearts, loved by all who know them. This did not need to be told to anyone who was privileged to be at their rededication ceremony that Sunday afternoon.

Certainly it was the most beautiful social event that ever took place in Anderson Hall of the church. Mimi, who is a very artistic soul, had planned it all, "inch by inch"! Many loving hands helped her. Two close friends worked with her in making the center table decorations, with all the golden net frills like little ballet skirts, surmounted by a golden "50." The beautiful gold and white candles held in a base of golden net frills, with tiny golden leaf trimmings. The beautiful bouquet of six dozen yellow roses, topped by a "50" which first decorated the pulpit of the church in the morning, and, together with other gorgeous floral offerings, trimmed the stage of Anderson Hall at the wedding rededication. One very long table held the center decorations, with another table forming a "T" in the center. There was a delicious fruit punch. There were large plates filled with colorful open-faced sandwiches; trays filled with Kolackies and pecan sweet rolls; and the wedding cake. Each guest was given a plate with a snow-white doily ornamented with a little golden leaf, and a piece of golden cake with white frosting, topped with a tiny white frosting rosebud and a tiny gold leaf to match the doily. The fork was resting on the plate just as Mimi had ordered,

50th Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Lou H. Hangel; 50 years married and 23 years in The Peoples Church. Photograph of the Hangels and Dr. Bradley taken immediately following the re-consecration service in Anderson Hall.

and from there on, the guests were on their own, and supplied themselves from the heaped-up platters on the tables. Coffee was served by gracious hostesses at either end of the center table and tea from the end of the "T" table.

Mimi had invited her five nieces to take turns at the coffee and tea urns: Mrs. Dorothy Harland, Mrs. Ruth Nelson, Mrs. Virginia Wolford, Miss Eleanor Buehr and Mrs. Marian Tinaglia.

Chairs were placed all around the three sides of the hall. Many willing hands kept the table platters filled, the coffee urns and the tea urn supplied, but as the guests came and kept on coming one wondered would the supplies hold out! They did, though it seemed a miracle as the guests continued to come in steadily from four o'clock until well past six.

At about 5:30 o'clock, Frank and Cathryn Bennett (the choir director and organist of the church) sang Schubert's lovely "Song of Love," and "Wanting You" from "The New Moon." Then came the Wedding March, and Dr. Bradley, Lou and Mimi went to the stage. I neglected to mention that Bob Hangel, his wife, Christine, and their two little girls, Mary Lou and Susanann, had come all the way from Triangle, Virginia, especially for this celebration, and he and Christine stood up with Lou and Mimi for the ceremony, Bob giving the bride away.

It was a beautiful ceremony. It

seemed to me to be lovelier by far than any initial wedding ceremony, so it was very satisfying to me when Lou Hangel, in very gracious and heartfelt words to the guests after the ceremony, said that he felt much more married after this ceremony than after the first one fifty years ago. He said some lovely things about his "dearie," Mimi, and their embrace in the midst of his talk would have more than satisfied any "movie" director. I am sure the entire audience assembled, of several hundred people, felt like joining them in their embrace. As Dr. Bradley said, the ceremony wasn't at all necessary, for when two people have lived together in wedded happiness for fifty years, that speaks for itself. But I am so grateful to have participated in so beautiful a celebration with two of the finest "great hearts" I know. I shall always remember this beautiful occasion, and how after the ceremony all of the guests joined Cathryn and Frank Bennett in singing "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "A Pal Good and True." Mimi tried to say something, following Lou's remarks, but emotion overcame her and she just managed to say "Thank you all."

Did I say I wondered if the refreshments would hold out, as the people continued to pour in and fill the room? Well, they did hold out, with five gallons of punch left which were donated by the Hangels to the Sunday School for their forthcoming picnic. Cake and sandwiches were distributed among the many women friends who helped serve the affair, and Bob Hangel saw to the task of transporting all the trimmings and the gifts home. It had been specified by the Hangels "no gifts," but when people's hearts are full of love, gifts just come naturally.

Professional photographers were among Lou and Mimi's friends, and took many pictures. We hope you will like the one we have selected for The Liberalist.

We join Dr. Bradley in his wish that he might celebrate with Lou and Mimi on their 75th wedding date. May all of life be kind to them.

Before he left, Dr. Bradley wished them this Irish blessing:

May the road rise to meet you;
May the wind always be at your back;
And may the good Lord hold you
In the hollow of His hand.

* * *

I have taken up so much space that I shall just include some Mail Bag letters without any comment whatever —just let the letters speak for themselves:

Lombard, Illinois

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The enclosed check is sent with my heartiest congratulations to you and The Peoples Church of Chicago, for achieving the "mortgage-free status." I am sure the service next Sunday will indeed be joyful.

Sincerely,
Ada A. Teufel (Mrs. William O.)

* * *

Dayton, Ohio

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just received your "Victory" letter and it is indeed glad, happy news.

Your 47 years have accomplished far more than even you can realize. You cannot know the far-spread good you have done throughout the world.

God keep you and your wonderful church. My best wishes always.

Alma Roof.

* * *

Nachusa, Illinois

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Thank you so much for your letter of June 2nd. I am so glad to have this letter with its happy news.

I attended your church while it was in the Pantheon Theatre and was at

the dedication, and now to know the good Lord has spared you so you may be able to "burn the mortgage" is indeed a happy time.

Since I retired ten years ago I live here in the country and listen to you many, many times, for to me there just isn't anyone like you, Dr. Bradley. You always lift me up with your message and I hope you can go on for a long time.

I am happy to enclose just a small contribution. When one lives on a limited income, it won't stretch too far.

May you have a happy summer.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Guy W. Eicholtz.

* * *

From the Chambers of Judge Julius H. Miner, United States District Court, Chicago 4:

My Dear Dr. Bradley:

I join your host of friends in congratulating you at the observance of your 47th year as Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago. You have done a tremendous job and have written your name indelibly throughout the nation as a great spiritual leader and outstanding advocate of everything that is high and noble.

I also rejoice with you in having paid off the indebtedness upon your church, and here again you have demonstrated emphatically your influence in the community and the high esteem you enjoy. More power to you and God bless you.

Assuring you of my continued cooperation, and with best wishes, I am

Sincerely,

Julius.

* * *

Gary, Indiana

Dear Doctor Bradley:

I have wanted to tell you how happy Mr. Hall and I were and are to be home after three months of travel via air to California, then to Honolulu, back to L.A. and then to Florida and home to Gary, Ind.

We both wanted to hear your voice —your message of comfort, and the lovely music of your choir. We were so thankful and thanked God for His great goodness in bringing us safely home. And today, when you said you welcomed letters from your radio listeners, I decided to tell you that we missed you all winter and were so happy to listen to your services at 11 o'clock. We are glad you have the hour service on the air. Last Sunday the offertory was glorious and I wanted to write and tell you.

I read The Liberalist and love every poem and every word you write. I wish I could express how I feel about you, Dr. Bradley. All I can tell you is that in the summer we miss you and welcome your return. And since we go away each December till April, we miss you again, and now to say thank you, and God bless you and keep you well. You are *so* needed in the world today, to comfort and help everyone. Your prayer today was a truly wonderful one.

Mr. Hall and I had our 50th Wedding Anniversary January 2nd, in Pasadena, California, and spent a delightful month in Honolulu, as our celebration. I wish you and Mrs. Bradley would fly over and take a real rest, for it's one spot to rest and relax in, as is Bermuda. I don't believe you could ever really relax, you have so many daily demands. We didn't even hear our telephone ring. I missed it, and was glad to get home to Gary and old lovely friends and to your Sunday services. Enclosed is my check of gratitude.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Clarence Hall.

* * *

Brookfield, Ill.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Last Monday, my father, in his position as a steward for the New York Central Railroad, had the pleasure of meeting and talking with you. It was at this time that you so graciously took a few minutes of your busy day to read a poem that I had written for a class assignment. According to my father you were interested in this poem as an example of the type of creative work that the teen-agers are producing in our schools today.

If at any time you can make use of my poem in your lectures or written material, it would be my pleasure in this small way to be of assistance to you. If you would be using it in a pamphlet or some other written material, I would appreciate a copy for my scrapbook.

Sincerely yours,
Peggy Nolan.

CROSSROADS

Truth the destination;
Art, the highway.
Unity, emotion, communication
amble on
Mingled with love, hope, suffering.
Sex, brutality, confusion
roar by.
The caravan grows as it passes
through the crossroads,
All speed on as a whole, interjoined,
flying on,
Driven by imagination.
Imagination says, "Keep on, don't stop,"
but then, all, suddenly are
Halted by reality.

Peggy Nolan

We shall see that Peggy has a copy for her Peggy Nolan scrapbook.

* * *

From Covenant Presbyterian Church, 1901 Milton St., Monroe, La.:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Now that I have survived another meeting of our Synod and have time to get my breath without such a rush, I want to write my first letter of this week to you to tell you how very, very much we all appreciated your speaking to us on May 17.

Your presence and your message constitute the highlight in the seven year history of this church. We hope that in the years to come you can repeat your visit with us and we extend to you a most cordial and urgent invitation to include us in your Piney Woods schedule.

You were so very gracious to us in your remarks from the pulpit about the work we are trying to do here. We are grateful for your words of encouragement. We appreciated so very much the Delmas Jacksons giving us the privilege of having dinner with you last Sunday. It was a most enriching and rewarding day for us in every way.

The officers, the members, and our friends who visited our church last Sunday, all join with me in expressing our heartfelt gratitude and sincere appreciation for your presence and your message. Come to see us any and every time you can.

With the warmest personal regards and every good wish to you and yours,

Sincerely,
Wayne W. Gray (Minister).

* * *

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I feel it a real honor to write you at this time. Our Wisconsin Association for Vocational and Adult Education Convention is now history and you helped make it so.

We have had so many fine comments; in fact, one of our rather critical members, and whose remarks I respect, said, "This was the best convention in 25 years." That means a lot to me and I know, Dr. Bradley, your

contribution was tops! Your very fine talk on Education and Life was so appropriate because "complete living" was the theme of the convention. In behalf of the Association, the officers and myself, we thank you again.

And now it is my sincere hope that your plans for the summer will be fully realized. I think it is just wonderful that you are giving so graciously of your time not only in our country but overseas.

God bless you for the wonderful service you are giving to humanity.

Sincerely yours,
G. L. Schuricht, President.

* * *

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

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OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services have carried two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season.

Now they have arranged to sustain the hour on Station WLS for the summer, with the cooperation of the station and myself. The Peoples Church and myself are deeply grateful for this courtesy and encouragement, and take this method of publicly expressing our appreciation.

We hope that this hour's program, every Sunday at 11 o'clock, which will consist of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, will be an inspiring experience for those who are unable to attend the church services, the shut-ins, the ill and those who may be in institutions. Again we say "thank you" to Magikist.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co.

A Division of
KEMPER Insurance

Chicago 40

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MAY

1—Funeral.
Address. Wisconsin Assn. for Vocational and Adult Education. Northland Hotel.
2—Address. Annual Convention Illinois Junior Assoc. of Commerce, Morrison Hotel.
Two weddings.
3—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Central High School Auditorium for NAACP.
Broadcasts: WLS; WCFL; WSEL.
5—Visited trial of Barry Cook, Criminal Court Bldg.
Address. Inmates, Cook County Jail. Conference with prisoner in Warden's Office.
6—Luncheon with Greek citizens in "People to People" program.
Meeting. Chicago Commission on Human Relations.
Closing dinner, Professional and Business Woman's Club, People's Church.
7—Worked in Study.
8—Wedding.
9—Two weddings.
Address. Jewish War Veterans, Covenant Club, honoring Mr. Sidney DeLove with Award.
10—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Broadcasts: WLS; WCFL; WSEL.
Address 71st Anniversary Warren Ave. Congregational Church.
11—Funeral.
Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
12—Annual Spring Luncheon, Woman's Club, People's Church. Sovereign Hotel.
13—Conference with WLS.
Conference with Architectural Engineers re Bronze Plaques and Bulletin Board.
14—Worked in Study.
15—Worked in Study.
17—Preached in Covenant Presbyterian Church, Monroe, La.
Broadcasts. WCFL.
18—Commencement Address. Piney Woods School, Piney Woods, Louisiana.
19—Attended luncheon in my honor at Fritzel's.
Address. Elm School PTA. Elmwood Park, Ill.
20—Address. Memorial Hospital Guild. Old Spinning Wheel, Hinsdale, Ill.
Meeting of Boswell Club.
21—Two Funerals.
22—Cut three one-hour records, WLS.
23—Wedding.
Funeral.
24—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Address, Columbia Post Monument, Forest Home Cemetery.
Address. Chapel of Chapel Hill Gardens Cemetery.
Broadcasts: WLS; WCFL; WSEL.
25—Commencement Address, High School Graduating Class, Merrillville, Ind.
26—Cut three one-hour records, WLS.
27—Funeral.
28—Commencement address. High School, Wheeler, Ind.
29—Address, Annual Banquet, Illinois and Iowa Laundrymen's Convention. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
31—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Address. Carter Methodist Church.
Broadcasts: WLS; WCFL; WSEL.

FUNERALS

1—Mrs. Josephine Roberts
11—Mr. David Harris Thomas
21—Mrs. Laura H. Von Glahn
22—Mrs. Louise Robbins
23—Mrs. Estelle Diercks
27—Isabelle Lunt
28—Mrs. Virginia Peterson

WEDDINGS

2—Lillian Robbins and George Sincox
Elena Moneak and Frank J. Snite
8—Viola Michelson and Henry Burnett
9—Lois K. Miller and Lewis Knight
Anna Nelson and Don Weldin
23—Kathleen O'Grady and John Forsyth

CHRISTENINGS

3—Michael Alan Vaughan, Son of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Vaughan

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE WERE PUBLICLY WELCOMED INTO THE PEOPLES CHURCH JUNE 7, 1959

Mrs. Mary R. Arre,
3568 W. Wolfram St., Chicago 18, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Borucki,
2332 Clinton Ave., Berwyn, Ill.
Georgia Dozier Clark,
Box 217, Chicago 90, Ill.
Mr. E. Elsyriatlin,
Plaza Hotel, Chicago 40, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Heaton,
1068 Catalpa Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.
Miss Elizabeth A. Hughes,
6850 Crandon Ave., Chicago 49, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Adolf W. Jacobson,
1150 Barry Ave., Chicago 13, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Jager,
3249 N. Natchez Ave., Chicago 34, Ill.
Mrs. Miriam Tonelli,
1131 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.
Miss Genevieve D. Volotto,
2756 Pine Grove Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.
Mrs. Martha Wicklund,
14612 Central Park Ave., Midlothian, Ill.
Mrs. Ruth Moore,
7958 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 19, Ill.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning service during July. Sermon by Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, Associate Pastor ..... 11:00 a.m.

Church closed during August for necessary repairs. Reopens when Dr. Bradley returns, September 20.

Sunday morning service during summer (not broadcast) ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday evening service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church—Parents are invited to accompany their children. ..... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday, September to June. New members welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall. ..... 5:00 p.m.

Wednesday evening Book Reviews (January and February) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club, meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, September to May in Anderson Hall. Mrs. Chris J. Larsen, Corr. Sec., 909 Gunnison St., Chicago 40.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, meets the second Sunday afternoon of each month in Anderson Hall, Sept. to May. Mrs. Ida Loe, Corr. Secy., 4629 N. Winchester St., Chicago 40.

Men's Club, meets the 4th Tuesday of the month in Anderson Hall, Sept. to May.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m

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Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Dr. Bradley, in a one-hour broadcast of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, direct from Station WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast continues through the summer..... 5:45 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

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Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check . . . money order for $2.00

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City..... **State**.....

Hear Dr. Bradley Every Sunday During the Summer

11:00 A.M.

WLS—A one-hour program consisting of music and inspirational thoughts.

5:45 P.M.

WCFL—A Vesper Broadcast.

Regular Sunday morning church services will be held during July at 11 A.M. with Rev. Virgil A. Kraft preaching (not broadcast).